

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It Was a Busy Day for His Nibs.

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Many a Husband Who Believes His Wife Thinks Him a Demi-God Would Be Amazed at a Revelation of Her Real Opinion.

By DOROTHY DIX

There is an ancient theory that the one indestructible thing on earth is a woman's love, and that the woman who has once loved a man goes on blindly adoring him to the end of the chapter no matter what he does. Like most old superstitions this belief in the imperishability of a woman's love is absolutely untrue. It is a lovely and comforting belief to men, but in reality it hasn't a leg to stand upon. In matters of the affections men and women are unlike. They love a person only as long as he or she is lovable. Women's love, like men's, can die of neglect, or perish of starvation, or simply turn up its little toes to the daisies through sheer disgust. If many a husband, who thinks that he is still a romantic hero and a demi-god to his quiet little wife, could get and X-ray picture of her real opinion toward him, it would give him a shock from which he would never recover. No, messieurs, because your wife was madly enamored of you on your wedding day is no more sign that she will be in love with you when your tin anniversary rolls around that it is sure that in the same length of time, your feelings will be the same toward her.



business. He quit reading anything but the newspapers and commercial reports. He was too tired to go out anywhere of evenings, and as their paths divided and she went one way and he went the other way, they soon got so far apart that they had nothing to talk about except the children and the bills. Did you ever notice the pitiable paucity of conversation between most married couples? They sit up in silence because they have nothing to say to each other. If you want to avoid that domestic Sahara begin by planting live topics of interest about your married life. Give your wife more of yourself and your society even if she has to have less money, and you'll both be happier for it. If you want to keep your wife in love with you, be worthy of her love. Be kind to her. Be just. Be gentle. Be tender. Be generous and considerate. Do something actively to make her happy. Above all, show her your appreciation of her, your gratitude for what she does for you, and make her feel that your love is something more than a campaign promise with which you bamboozled her into the seductive slavery of a wife and a mother. Make her feel that your love is a reward so rich and great that it repays her for any sacrifice she may have to make. So shall you keep your wife's love to the end, for love is the only sentiment that you can set to guard a heart.

### Shortest Trial on Record.

In these days of criminal trials long drawn out it may not be uninteresting to glance back at a time when, in England, at least, complaint ran in the opposite direction. Such were the earlier years of Queen Victoria, when the old criminal code still survived in much of its archaic barbarity, and the picturesqueness of legal procedure inadequately compensated for its cruelty. The late Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, refers in his reminiscences to the scandal of what he calls the "after-dinner" trials of that period. It was then the custom for the court to adjourn for dinner at 5 o'clock, at which meal there was no lack of conviviality, so that, when bench and bar returned to their duties, they were in no mood for protracted toil. In Lord Brampton's own words, "Judges and counsel were exhilarated and business was proportionately accelerated." In confirmation of this he notes that these "after-dinner" trials did not occupy, on an average, more than four minutes apiece, and, in illustration, cites an actual case, the paltry nature of which, contrasted with the enormity of the punishment involved, throws a lurid light on the inhumanity of the times. The case was that of a pickpocket, in which the prisoner had, inconsiderately, pleaded "not guilty," and, therefore, had a right to be heard. We may quote Lord Brampton's account, beginning with the examination of the witness for the prosecution by the prosecuting counsel. "I think you were walking up Ludgate Hill on Thursday, the 23rd, about 2.30 in the afternoon, and suddenly felt a tug at your pocket and missed your handkerchief, which the constable now produces?" "Yes, sir." "I suppose you have nothing to ask him?" says the judge. "Next witness." "Were you following the prosecutor on the occasion when he was robbed on Ludgate Hill and did you see the prisoner put his hand into the prosecutor's pocket and take this handkerchief out of it?" "Yes, sir." "Judge to prisoner: 'Nothing to say, I suppose?' Then to the jury: 'Gentlemen, I suppose you have no doubt? I have none.' "Jury: 'Guilty, my lord.' "Judge to prisoner: 'Jones, we have met before—we shall not meet again for some time—seven years' transportation—next case.' "Time: Two minutes, 53 seconds. As this seems to be a "record," it is only fair to add that the judge's name was Mulhouse.—New York Post.

### Both Hands Free.

At the suffrage lunch rooms in New York a woman electrician the other day showed Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont a model of a cordless that rocks by electricity. Mrs. Belmont, after examining the model with interest, smiled and said: "This invention is of great value to woman—it leaves both her hands free for the carrying of suffrage banners and the distribution of suffrage literature."

### Don't You Know Me, Gook? -:- By Pete



### Clothes Make the Woman, Says Mary Lawton

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"Not long ago a clergyman was severely criticised for encouraging girls, especially wage-earning girls, to dress as well as they could, possibly even a little better. According to Miss Mary Lawton, that clergyman understood the psychology of clothes, the moral effect of dress. Miss Lawton is the beautiful Valkyrie-like person who submerges her temperamental and emotional self as Becky's nurse, who has not one shred of humor or imagination in her competent and conscientious care of that young lady's case. "The pastor, or I will say, the actress, and speak for myself, realizes the tremendous effect which clothes have, not only on the spirits, but even on the manerisms of the person," said Miss Lawton. "The effect of clothes is especially felt by the actress in a stock company, whose part changes from week to week, who is the fairy queen and then the gypsy maiden, the adventures, or the all too good and nobby-pammy heroine. Unless she is an actress of enormous experience and a large repertoire, she has hardly time to get into the spirit of each new part, but she puts on the crown, the ruche, the hoopskirt of Queen Elizabeth, the royal garb has an unconscious and immediate effect on her bearing, and she feels herself a queen, where last week in other clothes, the gray habiliments of woe, she felt herself the much maligned heroine of modern melodrama. "No one can afford to consider dress an unessential factor both in success and contentment of spirit," continued Miss Lawton. "I remember once a very poor man coming to my father and asking for some old clothes. The man had reached the last extremity of shabbiness, and with his shiny coat, his frayed trousers, he had unconsciously assumed the down-trodden, woe-begone, abject manner, which an actor would have thought responded to the part. Instead of giving him clothes that had been worn, my father fitted the man out in a completely new suit, and transformed him into a person who, for the time being at least, walked erect and was full of self-confidence, and an immediate desire to take that position in the world which his clothes suggested belonged to him. "Have you ever studied out the moral influences of down-trodden heels? A pair of heels trodden over at one side, not only throw a woman's walk out of gear, they do somewhat the same thing to her mental balance. Polled shoes and gloves have an immediate effect on one's maner and way of thinking. "Not to be well dressed makes one self-conscious, to say the least, and when you are self-conscious you are never expressing the best that is in you. "Just as the actress is influenced by her clothes, the girl in everyday life acts the part expressed by her clothing. Very few people rise above this, even if they think they do. It's for that reason I think



MARY LAWTON IN "THE CASE OF BECKY," WHO THINKS CLOTHES HAVE GREAT EFFECT ON WOMEN'S CHARACTERS.

the clergyman who was so bitterly criticised believed that a woman should dress as well as she could. "You will always find that the woman who lacks variety of thought and interest shows an equal paucity of ideas in her clothes. She may have plenty of money, but she affects certain rather severe styles, and drab or dull colors, or else she is the shirtdress woman, who will never unbend to wear the fluffy, feminine tea gowns or light-colored frocks for her spare hours at home, which unconsciously change her truth of thought. "Whatever your part in life is, you want to wear the best clothes appropriate to that part. Good clothes make you efficient and capable of filling that part properly, because of the moral effect of being suitably dressed. Mind you put a big emphasis on the suitability. If you were going to play the part of a stenographer in a drama, you would be a very poor actress to dress that part as if you were playing the lady Shalott or the circus queen. Suit your clothes to your role in life, and get the best you can for that role."

### Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Second Marriages--- Women Inherit a Quality Which Makes Constancy to Memory Possible; a Trait Which Few Men Possess.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Some time ago you wrote an article on second marriages in which occurred the following sentences: "Only one woman in 500 who is widowed in her prime is left with a memory of such ideals of love that remarriage is impossible. And only one man in 5,000. "Does this mean that you consider there are 500 more ideal husbands than wives? It would seem so. Curious reader. "No; it means that every woman possesses 500 times the qualities which make constancy to a memory possible. With the very best conditions, and a perfect ideal, only one man in 5,000 is so constituted that he could find contentment in living a widowed life, and soiling his lonely heart with memories of a happy companionship in the past. "But there are many women who are so constituted. They possess extreme sentiment, great imagination, much spirituality. They are not strongly sexed, their vitality is usually below normal. "And they live in the mental and spiritual realm, finding happiness in pleasant friendships, in the companionship of their children, of relatives, and in social and charitable occupations. "While there are many such women widowed, it is only one husband in 500 who leaves memories with a wife after he passes on which make an impassable barrier to a second marriage. "As a woman lecturer once said, "There is oftentimes great complacency behind the widow's veil, because she has come into freedom out of slavery, into the right to handle and use money which she has helped earn, after having been a beggar at her husband's door for a long period; and oftentimes her tears shed over his casket are tears of pity for self, for the lost illusions of her honeymoon. "We have all seen the faded, spiritless, middle-aged wife bloom out into the beauty of maturity, after dropping wid-



ow's weeds. And with her weeds, dropping a decade of years. "One cannot help hoping the husband, in his home beyond the earth plane, is witnessing this transformation, and realising that it was his own utter lack of sympathy, of liberality, of consideration, and of loving companionship which made the wife fade before her time. And that he is seeing the bloom return to her cheek, and the light to her eye, and the admiration of other men offered at her shrine. "No man likes to see his wife fade and lose her attractions. "Yet few men who note such changes in the fresh, fair girl they have married stop to ask the reason therefor. "With few exceptions the reason could be traced to the husband. Now and then life shows us the sorry type of woman who loses all her pride and self-respect and pretty feminine vanity as soon as she is legally married, and with these things goes, of course, her complexion and figure and other attractions. She simply settles into the complacency of middle age, and is satisfied to be well housed, well fed, and to have her bills paid, and to affix Mrs. to her name. "She takes her husband's love and loyalty as a matter of course, and is the last one to know when he becomes distanced and disloyal. "Fortunately such women are exceptions, and the unattractive, lifeless, uninteresting wife is, as a rule, the handiwork of the thoughtless, selfish, inconsiderate husband; the man who has ceased to be the lover, or the comrade, or even the best friend, of his wife. "The man who finds all his pleasures outside his home, and who expects his wife to be satisfied with her children and her church and her home duties. "Take a careful look at your wife, good sir, and see how she is appearing after a few years of marital partnership with you. "Are you preparing her for complacency under her widow's veil? "And will she look ten years younger when she puts on second mourning and begins to go about and enjoy life than she does now as your neglected wife?"

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### Just a Matter of Common Sense

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The pendulum of fashion has swung so far toward what the women like to call "The Artistic" that it sometimes appears it will never again swing back to common sense. "If a woman can afford to stay in bed when paying the penalty for appearing in pumps and silk hose in stormy weather, that is a matter that concerns only her. She is the woman who could stay in bed for a long, long time before the world will really miss her. "But it is the woman who is needed, who is useful who, she works to do, and does it who cannot be too harshly censured for risking her life and her usefulness by appearing on the streets in December in attire that is suggestive of June. "She is one of the thousands who have clasped hands around the pendulum of fashion and are swinging on it far, far, away from everything that is sane and sensible. "She is one of the vast army of women who disregard comfort in winter, because comfort in winter carries with it a suggestion of climatology. "The foot in high shoe with thick sole doesn't look as dainty as one in silk hose and pumps. She clings to her silk hose and pumps when every draft of cold air booms its warning of rheumatism, tuberculosis, pneumonia and death. "A dress that who covered affords no opportunity for the display of what so many foolish women regard as one of the greatest of their physical charms. So she bares her neck to every throat disease the cold blasts from the north may carry. "Blue and pinched with cold, she imagines she is a pretty and dainty sight. A goose with half its feathers plucked out, wandering in the snow, looks just as pretty and dainty. "She works side by side with men in offices who wear warmer underclothing, heavier coats and vests. She wears the same thin, lace trimmed waist she wore in July. "She falls sick and drops from the ranks. "Overwork," her sympathetic friends say, with sometimes a look of reproach at the firm that employed her.

"Thin clothing," would be their verdict if they were absolutely fair and candid. "If she gets through a week or a month, or a winter without a cold, she boasts that her way of dressing is the right way. She isn't so far-seeing that she looks ahead to the vast inroads disease and death are making among the ranks of the working women. She is in the spring-time of her folly, and refuses to reckon with the harvest time of women who are older and who are paying the penalty. "As I said in the beginning, if a woman has unlimited wealth, and can ride in her limousine, when there are storms, and command a hot house heat in her home, she can be as foolish as she likes, and should she catch cold, the world will not suffer any more than it suffers when any butterfly is indisposed. "But if she belongs to that glorious and useful army of women who work either in home or in business life, she owes it to herself, to her family, to her employers, to the ultimate good she was put on earth to attain, to be sensible, and to dress sensibly. "No woman with a mission can accomplish that mission if she sets forth on it with the December snow drifting around silk-hose-and-pump-clad feet. "She must be well and strong. She must have a body free from pain; a mind free from apprehension of sickness, and a courage that is not impaired by any sense of physical discomfort. "And these are impossible unless she is sanely clad. "It Didn't Work Well. "An Englishman met a friend and said: "I say, old chap, I've got an awfully good idea, don't you know. I'm going to have a music box put up in my bath room, so when I'm having my bath I can have a bit of music, don't you know?" "His friend didn't seem to think much of the idea, and when he met him some time afterward asked how the idea of the music box in the bath room came off. "Oh," said the Briton, "to tell the truth it wasn't much of a success. The blasted thing would only play 'God Save the King,' and I had to stand up all the time."—Philadelphia Record.